

1851  
The Green-gap Children,

&  
This Village Home.

An easy reading-book  
for (?) Standard 1.

## Preface

A geographical reading book for Standard 1 should be, also, a primer, carefully constructed to help the children over the mechanical difficulties of reading; & with this end, pains have been taken to make this little book pleasant to the children & helpful to the teacher. The language is easy throughout. The ideas are simple. The lessons are upon matters of interest to a child's mind. The instructions, however, for the most part, upon the various doings of family & village children. The lessons are short; & are divided into short paragraphs & short sentences. Very early sentences follow most of the earlier lessons but the children may enjoy the pleasant jingle of words of any difficulty are repeated two or three times in the course of a lesson.

The harder words are printed in columns at the head of each lesson, & the children should read them & hunt out the corresponding words in the text before reading the lesson.

A certain amount of work is necessary before children can take up in the simplest geographical ideas with any intelligence; therefore, these lessons deal with familiar ideas of "Place," Distance, Direction, &c. In fact, an attempt is made to bring within the children's cognition the scenes & objects which pass before their eyes.

It is hoped that intelligent teachers may cause the doings of the little brown to imitate their classes to similar doings & descriptions.

## The Holiday

221p30mest,

Come children, it is so fine that you shall have a holiday. Mother like, her little boys and girls to play in the bright sunshine.

But first put up your books, & slates, ~~and~~ and make the room quite tidy. Then we will talk about our holiday, & you shall each tell me what you would like to do.

I should like to have a tea-party with my dolls.

Said little Rose who is only four years old. But little girls can play with their dolls on wet days, so <sup>my</sup> mother thought that would not be the best plan for this sunny day.

I should like to have a game of ball with Tom & Harry Jones: it is not fun to play with girls: said Ned, who thought himself a big boy now, because he was seven.

I know what I should like; said Mary.

She was eight, & the eldest of them all: I should like to go for a walk with mother better than anything else in the world.

Then they all said that Mary had thought of the best thing, & that Mother must have a holiday too, & take them for a walk.

To Mothers: - Words doubly underlined  
to be put at the head of the lesson for  
Spelling.



Child's Will come to Spring.

22/10/1882?

I am very glad the spring is come,  
The sun shines out so bright,  
The little birds upon the trees  
Are singing you delight,  
The young grass looks so fresh and green,  
The lambkins sport and play,  
And I can skip and run about  
As merry as a May.

I like to see the daisies and  
The buttercups once more,  
The primrose & the cowslip too,  
And every pretty flower;  
I like to see the butterfly  
Flutter her painted wings,  
And all things seem, just like myself  
So pleased to see the spring.

There's not a cloud upon the sky,  
There's no-thing dark or sad,  
I jump, and scarce know what to do  
I feel so very glad.  
Good must be very good indeed,  
Who makes each pretty thing,  
I'm sure we ought to love Him much  
For bringing back the spring.

M. A. Stoddart.

These verses do not include the words which  
I published in the last issue of the  
"Spelling Column" at the last year's end.

## The Walk

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I know a field where there are Carrots, said Ned. Shall we go and see them?

Oh, let us go, said Rose. The dear little Carrots! how I wish one would let me stroke it.

So they set out for the field with the Carrots; but it was a good way off, & they went down a long lane & through three <sup>other</sup> ~~corn~~ fields before they came to it.

~~The~~ The lane was shady because trees grew on each side of the way, and their branches spread across the lane & kept <sup>out</sup> off the sunshine. And you could see the black shadows of the leaves upon the ground.

Then all the little birds were singing as if they had a holiday too, and Ned tried to make a noise like the song of a big Black-bird with a yellow bill which the children could see.

Many and little they found butter-flies and daisies, and blue vio-lets in the banks by the road-side. And at they all ran after a big yellow low butter fly which Ned tried to catch in his cap.

At last they came to the field with the Carrots; and one large Black Carrot put its nose into Rose's fat little hand.

# The Lamb

Little Lamb, come here near,  
What you're doing all the day,  
Long enough before you wake  
Break-fast I am glad to take  
In the broad sun eating up  
Daisy's crowns, but for a cup,  
When a-bout the fields I play,  
Flick & Scamp - as all the day:  
Chasing other lambs like me,  
Up and down the flow'ry lea.  
When at night I go to sleep  
By my mother I never keep.  
I am safe enough from cold  
At her side with in the fold.

## Mary's Little Lamb

Mary had a little Lamb,  
His fleece was white as snow,  
And every where that Mary went  
The Lamb was sure to go.

So she lov'd it her to school one day -  
That was a fairly fine day,  
It made the children laugh & play  
To see a Lamb at school.

'What makes the Lamb love Mary so?'

The little children cry:

'The Mary love the Lamb you know'  
The Lamb is doing to play.



## The Night

1817

It was tea-time when the child-dream got home.  
So <sup>their</sup> mother soon made the hot tea boil, and  
they sat down. How fast the bread and butter  
~~that was to be sent~~ and little Dick had  
~~three mugs of milk and water.~~

Those sleepy little Nans and Dick were  
put to bed soon after tea: but Mary & Ned  
their mother, let Ned & Mary sit up half an  
hour longer to have a little <sup>chat</sup> talk with her.

But Ned soon <sup>an</sup> began to rub his eyes; and  
Mary asked her mother why they all <sup>we</sup> <sup>see</sup> ~~from~~  
sleepy when night comes on.

That <sup>we</sup> may rest in sweet sleep through  
the dark night & awake in the morning  
fresh & happy as little birds.

That is how it is that the bird & the butterfly  
& the butterfly has such a merry time:  
they play all day long until they are tired;  
& then they sleep all night to <sup>rest</sup> get rested for  
~~another~~ day's play.

God gives sweet sleep to all his crea-tures.  
& most of them sleep at night. Many  
flowers shut up their pretty eyes <sup>too</sup> & go to sleep.  
You and Ned begin bed time & look at the stars.  
You can't see one yet - low eye; they are  
all shut up, fast asleep till to-morrow.

Some crea-tures, like to sleep in the day-time  
& to ~~awake~~ <sup>awake</sup> in the dark night. There is  
the owl, a big bird with soft feathers, <sup>he</sup> ~~who~~ cannot  
hear the night: so he sleeps all day, and comes up  
at night to hunt at the moon.

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The little boys' Good Night.

The sun is hid - den from our sight.

The birds are sleep-ing sound;

'Tis time to say to all, 'Good night!'

And give a kiss all round.

Good-night, my father, mother, dear,

Now kiss your lit-tle dear;

Good night, my friends, both far & near,

Good night to every one.

Good night, ye men-ny, ones & birds,

Sleep well till morn-ing light,

Per-haps if you could sing in words,

You would have sung, 'Good night!'

So all my pret-ty flow-ers, Good night.

You blos-som while I sleep!

And all the stars that shine so bright

With you their watch-es keep.

The moon is light-ing up the skies.

The stars are spark-ling there,

'Tis time to shut our wear-ing eyes.

And say our even-ing pray-er.

G. L. Tollen



The Morning.

7.

There was the first light in the morning. There was a little round hole in the blind, <sup>through which</sup> and a bright sun beam found its way to the little girl's eyes, ~~and she~~ <sup>she</sup> her eyes. She <sup>heard</sup> a great deal of chirping <sup>outside</sup> of the window. She jumped out of bed in a minute or two to the window to see what ~~the noise~~ <sup>it</sup> was all about. And just under the window there was a nest of young birds ~~who were~~ <sup>they were</sup> crying to their mother for some break-fast.

The mother bird soon came with a worm, which she popped into one of the ~~surprised~~ <sup>surprised</sup> mouths open. Then she flew off to the field for another worm. And soon all the little hungry birds were full.

That made Rose think she should take her break-fast. So she called Mary, who got up, & dressed her little sister. When the little girls were washed and dressed, & had said their prayers, they went down stairs. But their mother was not in the kitchen; she was in the corn field milking Cherry. So she said the little girls might feed the chickens until she was ready.

There was some corn in the basket, so Mary took it; and little Rose called Chuck! Chuck! Chuck! Then the big hen, and the cocks & the little chickens came running as fast as they could, while Mary scattered the corn.

By and by they saw their father coming home to break-fast. He had been ploughing in the long field with Job-tin since six o'clock.

A Spring Morning.

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Get up, little sister, the morning is bright,  
And the birds are all sing-ing

Get up little sister,  
The morning is bright,  
And the birds are all singing  
To welcome the light:

The birds are all open-ing  
The dew is on the flowers;  
If you shake but a branch,  
See, how falls quite a shower,

The bee, I dare say, has  
Been busy on the wing  
The lark is singing gaily;  
It loves the bright sun,  
And rejoices that now  
The gay spring has begun;  
For the spring is so cheer-ful,  
I think I should be wroth  
If I did not feel happy  
To hear the lark's song.

Get up, for there all things  
Are merry and glad,  
Good children should never  
Be lazy or sad:  
For God gives us day, night  
Dear sister, that we

May rejoice like the lark  
And may work like the bee.

Sally Ann Harding